



Miss *Lydia Lyabed* was the next to have her Fortune told, and came stretching and yawning to Mr. *Crop*, who knowing her to be just awake, asked her if she was up for the whole day? at the same time repeating these lines.

*'Tis a pity to rise when the sun is so high,  
As it soon will sink down in the Western-  
most sky;*

*Then*

*Then your labour and toil will all be in  
vain,  
And your trouble return in undressing again.*

SOME think those beneath them, who are not equal to them in rudeness. Miss *Lydia* thought all beneath her, who could not lie in bed as long, and have their breakfast in bed, then take another nap till twelve o'clock, and then scold the maid for coming to call them. She thought that Mr. *Crop* would have given her at least a coach and fix; but *Crop* always spoke the truth, and never flattered any one: He told her if she would enjoy a coach and fix, she must rise in a morning at six o'clock; but Miss *Lydia* thought it very vulgar to

C 2

rise